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Tales and Miscellanies.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

IXION IN HEAVEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONTARINI FLEMING" AND "VIVIAN GREY."

"Others say it was only a cloud, &c."

Vide *Lempriere's Class. Dict. Art. "Ixion"*

The King of Thessaly entered the Hall of Music, with its golden walls and crystal dome. The Queen of Heaven was reclining in an easy chair, cutting out peacocks in small sheets of note paper. Minerva was making a pencil observation on a manuscript copy of a song:—Apollo listened with deference to her laudatory criticisms. Another divine dame, standing by the side of Euterpe, who was seated by the wall, looked up as Ixion entered. The wild, liquid glance of her soft but radiant countenance denoted the famed Goddess of Beauty.

Juno just acknowledged the entrance of Ixion by a slight and very haughty inclination of the head, and then resumed her employment. Minerva asked him his opinion of her amendment, of which he greatly approved. Apollo greeted him with a melancholy smile, and congratulated him on being mortal. Venus complimented him on his visit to Olympus, and expressed the pleasure she experienced in making his acquaintance.

"What do you think of Heaven?" inquired Venus in a soft, still voice, and with a smile like summer lightning.

"I never found it so enchanting as at this moment," replied Ixion.

"A little dull. For myself I pass my time chiefly at Cnidos: you must come and visit me there. 'Tis the most charming place in the world. 'Tis said, you know, that our onions are like other people's roses. We will take care of you, if your wife comes."

"No fear of that. She always remains at home and piques herself on her domestic virtues, which means pickling and quarrelling with her husband."

"Ah! I see you are a droll. Very good indeed. Well, for my part I like a watering-place existence. Cnidos, Paphos, Cythera—you will usually find me at one of these places. I like the easy distraction of a career without any visible result. At these fascinating spots your gloomy race, to whom by the-by, I am exceedingly partial, appear emancipated from the wearing fetters of their regular, dull, orderly, methodical, moral, political, toiling existence. I pride myself upon being the goddess of watering-places. You really must pay me a visit at Cnidos."

"Such an invitation requires no repetition. And Cnidos is your favorite spot?"

"Why, it was so, but of late it has become so inundated with the invalid Asiatics and valetudinarian Persians, that the simultaneous influx of the handsome heroes who swam in from the Islands to look after their daughters, scarcely compensates for the annoying presence of their yellow faces and shaking limbs. No, I think, on the whole, Paphos is my favorite."

"I have heard of its magnificent luxury."

"Oh! 'tis lovely! Quite my idea of country life. Not a single tree! When Cyprus is very hot, you run to Paphos for a sea breeze; and are sure to meet every one whose presence is in the least desirable. All the bores remain behind, as if by instinct."

"I remember when we married, we talked of passing the honey-moon at Cythera, but Dia would have her waiting maid and a band box stuffed between us in a chariot, so I got sulky after the first stage, and returned by myself."

"You are quite right. I hate band boxes: they are always in the way. You would have liked Cythera if you had been in the least in love. High rock and green knolls, bowery woods, winding walks and delicious sunsets. I have not been there much of late," continued the goddess somewhat sad and serious, "since—but I will not talk sentiment to Ixion."

"Do you think, then, I am insensible?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you are right. We mortals grow callous."

"So I have heard. How very odd!"

"So saying, the goddess glided away and saluted Mars, who at that moment entered the hall. Ixion was presented to the military hero, who looked fierce and bowed stiffly. The King of Thessaly turned upon his heel. Minerva opened her album, and invited him to inscribe a stanza."

"Goddess of Wisdom," replied the King, "unless you inspire me, the virgin page must remain pure as thyself. I can scarcely sign a decree."

"Is it Ixion of Thessaly who says this? One who has seen so much, and, if I am not much mistaken, has felt and thought so much. I can easily conceive why such a mind may desire to veil its movements from the common herd, but

pray concede to Minerva, the gratifying compliment of assuring her that she is the exception for whom this rule has been established."

"I seem to listen to the inspired music of an oracle. Give me a pen."

"Here is one, plucked from a sacred owl."

"So! I write. There! Will it do?"

Minerva read the inscription.

"I have seen the world, and more than the world: I have studied the heart of man, and now I consort with Immortals. The fruit of my tree of knowledge is plucked, and it is this: 'Adventures are to the Adventurous.'"

Written in the Album of Minerva, by

IXION IN HEAVEN."

"'Tis brief," said the goddess, with a musing air, "but full of meaning. You have a daring soul and pregnant mind."

"I have dared much; what I may produce, we have yet to see."

"I must to Jove," said Minerva, "to council. We shall meet again. Farewell, Ixion."

"Farewell, Glaucoptes."

The King of Thessaly stood away from the remaining guests, and leaned with folded arms and pensive brow against a wreathed column. Mars listened to Venus, with an air of deep devotion. Euterpe played an inspiring accompaniment to their conversation. The Queen of Heaven seemed engrossed in the creation of her paper peacocks.

Ixion advanced and seated himself on a couch near Juno. His manner was divested of that reckless bearing and careless coolness by which it was in general distinguished. He was, perhaps, even a little embarrassed. His ready tongue deserted him. At length he spoke.

"Has your Majesty ever heard of the Peacock of the Queen of Mesopotamia?"

"No," replied Juno, with stately reserve: and then she added with an air of indifferent curiosity. "Is it in any way remarkable?"

"Its breast is of silver, its wings of gold, its eyes of carbuncle, its claws of amethyst."

"And its tail?" eagerly inquired Juno.

"That is a secret," replied Ixion. "The tail is the most wonderful part of all."

"Oh! tell me, pray tell me?"

"I forget."

"No, no, no: it is impossible!" exclaimed the animated Juno. "Provoking mortal!" continued the goddess. "Let me entreat you: tell me immediately."

"There is a reason which prevents me."

"What can it be? How very odd!—What reason can it possibly be? Now tell me; as a particular, a personal favor, I ask you to tell me."

"What! The tail or the reason? The tail is wonderful, but the reason is much more so. I can only tell one. Now choose."

"What provoking things these human beings are! The tail is wonderful, but the reason is much more so. Well, then, the reason—no, the tail. Stop, now, as a particular favor, pray tell me both. What can the tail be made of, and what can the reason be?—I am literally dying of curiosity."

"Your Majesty has cut out that peacock wrong," coolly remarked Ixion. "It is more like one of Minerva's owls."

"Who cares about paper peacocks when the Queen of Mesopotamia has got such a miracle!" exclaimed Juno, and she tore the labors of the morning to pieces, and threw away the fragments with vexation. "Now tell me instantly—if you have the slightest regard for me, tell instantly. What was the tail made of?"

"And you do not wish to hear the reason?"

"That afterwards. Now! I am all ears." At this moment Ganymede entered, and whispered to the Goddess, who rose in evident vexation, and retired to the presence of Jove.

The amethystine twilight of Olympus died away. The stars blazed with tints of every hue. Ixion and Juno returned to the palace. She leant upon his arm: her eyes were fixed upon the ground,—they were in sight of the gorgeous pile, and yet she had not spoken. Ixion too, was silent, and gazed with abstraction upon the glowing sky.

Suddenly, when within a hundred yards of the portal, Juno stopped, and looking up into the face of Ixion with an irresistible smile, she said, "I am sure you cannot now refuse to tell me what the Queen of Mesopotamia's peacock's tail was made of?"

"It is impossible now," said Ixion. "Know, then, beautiful goddess, that the tail of the Queen of Mesopotamia's peacock was made of some plumage she had stolen from the wings of Cupid."

"And what was the reason that prevented you from telling me before?"

"Because, beautiful Juno, I am the most discreet of men, and respect the secret of a lady, however trifling."

"I am glad to hear that," replied Juno, and they re-entered the palace.

Mercury met Ixion and Juno in the gallery leading to the grand banquet hall.

"I was looking for you," said the god shaking his head. "Jove is in a sublime rage. Dinner has been ready this hour."

The King of Thessaly and the Queen of Heaven exchanged a glance, and entered the saloon. Jove looked up with a brow of thunder, but did not condescend to send forth a single flash of anger. Jove looked up and Jove looked down. All Olympus trembled, as the father of gods and men resumed his soup. The rest of the guests seemed nervous and reserved, except Cupid, who said immediately to Juno, "Your Majesty has been detained?"

"I fell asleep in a bower, reading Apollo's last poem," replied Juno. "I am lucky, however, in finding a companion in my negligence. Ixion, where have you been?"

"Take a glass of nectar, Juno," said Cupid, with eyes twinkling with mischief: "and, perhaps, Ixion will join us."

This was the most solemn banquet ever celebrated in Olympus. Every one seemed out of humor, or out of spirits. Jupiter spoke only in monosyllables of suppressed rage that sounded like distant thunder.

Apollo whispered to Minerva. Mercury never opened his lips, but occasionally exchanged significant glances with Ganymede. Mars compensated, by his attention to Venus, for his want of conversation. Cupid employed himself in asking disagreeable questions. At length the goddess retired. Mercury exerted himself to please Jove, but the Thunderer scarcely deigned to smile at his best stories. Mars picked his teeth,—Apollo played with his rings,—Ixion was buried in a profound reverie.

It was a great relief to all, when Ganymede summoned them to the presence of their late companions.

"I have written a comment upon your inscription," said Minerva to Ixion, "and am anxious for your opinion of it."

"I am a wretched critic," said the King, breaking away from her. Juno smiled upon him in the distance.

"Ixion," said Venus, as he passed by, "come and talk to me."

The bold Thessalian blushed, he stammered out an unmeaning excuse, he quitted the astonished but good-natured goddess, and seated himself by Juno; and, as he seated himself, his moody brow seemed suddenly illumined with brilliant light.

"Is it so?" said Venus.

"Hem!" said Minerva.

"Ha, ha!" said Cupid.

Jupiter played at piquet with Mercury.

"Every thing goes wrong to-day," said the King of Heaven; "cards wretched, and kept waiting for dinner, and by—a mortal!"

"Your Majesty must not be surprised," said the good-natured Mercury, with whom Ixion was no favorite. "Your Majesty must not be very much surprised at the conduct of this creature. Considering what he is, and where he is, I am only astonished that his head is not more turned than it appears to be."

"A man, a thing made of mud, and in Heaven! Only think, sire! Is it not enough to inflame the brain of any child of clay? To be sure, keeping your Majesty from dinner is little short of celestial high treason. I hardly expected that, indeed. To order me about, to treat Ganymede as his own lacquey, and, in short, to command the whole household; all this might be expected from such a person in such a situation, but I confess I did think he had some little respect left for your Majesty."

"And he does order you about, eh?" enquired Jove. "I have the spades."

"Oh! 'tis quite ludicrous," responded the son of Maia. "Your majesty would not expect from me the offices that this absurd upstart daily requires."

"Eternal destiny! is't possible? That is my trick. And Ganymede, too?"

"Oh! quite shocking, I assure you, sire," said the beautiful cup bearer, leaning over the chair of Jove, with all the easy insolence of a privileged favorite.

"Really, sire, if Ixion is to go on in the way he does, either he or I must quit."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Jupiter. "But I can believe any thing of a man who keeps me waiting for dinner. Two and three are five."

"It is Juno that encourages him so," said Ganymede.

"Does she encourage him?" inquired Jove.

"Every body notices it," protested Ganymede.

'It is indeed a little noticed,' observed Mercury.
'What business has such a fellow to speak to Juno?' exclaimed Jove. 'A mere mortal, a mere miserable mortal! You have the point. How I have been deceived in this fellow! Who ever could have supposed that, after all my generosity to him, he would ever have kept me waiting for dinner?'

'He was walking with Juno,' said Ganymede. 'It was all a sham about their having met by accident; Cupid saw them.'

'Hah,' said Jupiter, turning pale; 'you don't say so. Repiqued, as I am a god. That is mine. Where is the Queen?'
'Talking to Ixion, sire,' said Mercury. 'Oh, I beg your pardon, sire; I did not know you meant the Queen of Diamonds.'

'Never mind. I am repiqued, and I have been kept waiting for dinner. Accused be this day! Is Ixion really talking to Juno? We will not endure this.'

Mercury and Ganymede were each lolling on an opposite couch in the ante-chamber of Olympus.

'It is wonderful,' said the son of Maia, yawning.
'It is incredible,' rejoined the cup-bearer of Jove, stretching his legs.

'A miserable mortal!' exclaimed the god, elevating his eyebrows.

'A vile Thessalian,' said the beautiful Phrygian, shrugging his shoulders.

'Not three days back, an outcast among his own wretched species!'

'And now commanding every body in Heaven.'

'He shall not command me, though,' said Mercury.
'Will he not?' replied Ganymede. 'Why, what do you think?—only last night—hark, hark! here he comes.'

The companions jumped up from their couches—a light laugh was heard. The cedar portal was flung open, and Ixion lounged in, habited in a loose morning robe, and kicking before him one of his slippers.

'Ah!' exclaimed the King of Thessaly, 'the very fellows I wanted to see! Ganymede, bring me some nectar; and, Mercury, run and tell Jove that I shall not dine at home to-day.'

The messenger and the page exchanged looks of indignant consternation.

'Well! what are you waiting for?' continued Ixion, looking round from the mirror in which he was arranging his locks. The messenger and the page disappeared.

'So! this is Heaven!' exclaimed the husband of Dia, flinging himself upon one of the couches, 'and a very pleasant place too. These worthy immortals required their minds to be opened, and I trust I have effectually performed the necessary operation. They wanted to keep me down with their dull, old fashioned airs; but I fancy I have given them change for their talent. To make your way in Heaven you must command. These exclusives sink under the audacious invention of an aspiring mind. Jove himself is really a fine old fellow, with some notions too. I am a prime favorite, and no one is greater authority with Ægiocbus on all subjects, from the character of the fair sex or the pedigree of a courser, down to the cut of a robe, or the flavor of a dish.—Thanks, Ganymede,' continued the Thessalian, as he took the goblet from his returning attendant.

'I drink your *bonnes fortunes*. Splendid! This nectar makes me feel quite immortal. By the by, I hear sweet sounds. Who is in the Hall of Music?'

'The goddesses, royal sir, practice a new air of Euterpe, the words by Apollo. 'Tis pretty, and will doubtless be very popular, for it is all about moonlight, and the misery of existence.'

'I warrant it.'
'You have a taste for poetry yourself?' inquired Ganymede.

'Not the least,' replied Ixion.
'Apollo,' continued the heavenly page, 'is a great genius, though Mars has said he never would be a poet, because he was a god, and had no heart. But do you think, sir, that a poet does indeed need a heart?'

'I really cannot say. I know my wife always said I had a bad heart and worse head, but what she meant, upon my honor, I never could understand.'

'Minerva will ask you to write in her album.'
'Will she, indeed? I am very sorry to hear it, for I can scarcely scrawl my own signature. I should think that Jove himself cared little for all this nonsense?'

'Jove loves an epigram. He does not esteem Apollo's works at all. Jove is of the classical school, and admires satire, provided there be no allusion to gods and kings.'

'Of course; I quite agree with him. I remember we had a confounded poet at Larissa, who proved, my family lived before the deluge, and asked me for a pension. I refused him, and then he wrote an epigram, asserting that I sprang from the veritable stones thrown by Deucalion and Pyrrha at the re-peopleing of the earth, and retained all the properties of my ancestors.'

'Ha, ha! Hark! there's a thunderbolt! I must run to Jove.'

'And I will look in on the musicians. This way, I think.'
'Up the Ruby Staircase—turn to your right, down the Amethyst Gallery—farewell.'

'Good bye—a lively lad that!'

'Where is Juno?' demanded Jupiter.

'I am sure I cannot say,' said Venus, with a smile.

'I am sure I do not know,' said Minerva, with a sneer.

'Where is Ixion?' said Cupid, laughing outright.

'Mercury, Ganymede, find the Queen of Heaven instantly,' thundered the father of gods and men.

The celestial messenger and the heavenly page flew away out of different doors. There was a terrible, an immortal silence. Sublime rage lowered on the brow of Jove, like a storm upon the mountain top. Minerva seated herself at the card table, and played at Patience. Venus and Cupid tittered in the back ground. Shortly returned the envoys, Mercury looking very solemn, Ganymede very malignant.

'Well?' inquired Jove, and all Olympus trembled at the monosyllable.

Mercury shook his head.

'Her Majesty has been walking on the terrace, with the King of Thessaly,' replied Ganymede.

'Where is she now, sir?' demanded Jupiter. Mercury shrugged his shoulders.

'Her Majesty is resting herself in the pavilion of Cupid, with the King of Thessaly,' replied Ganymede.

'Confusion!' exclaimed the father of gods and men, and he rose and seized a candle from the table, scattering the cards in all directions. Every one present, Minerva, and Venus, and Mars, and Apollo, and Mercury, and Ganymede, and the Muses, and the Graces, and all the winged Genii,—each seized a candle; rifling the chandeliers, each followed Jove.

'This way,' said Mercury.

'This way,' said Ganymede.

'This way, this way!' echoed the celestial crowd.

'Mischief!' cried Cupid, 'I must save my victims.'

They were all upon the terrace. The father of gods and men, though both in a passion and a hurry, moved with dignity. It was, as customary in Heaven, a clear and starry night; but this eve, Diana was indisposed, or otherwise engaged, and there was no moonlight. They were in sight of the pavilion.

'What are you?' inquired Cupid of one of the genii, who accidentally extinguished his candle.

'I am a cloud,' answered the winged genius.

'A cloud! Just the thing. Now do me a shrewd turn, and Cupid is ever your debtor. Fly, fly, pretty cloud, and encompass yon pavilion with your form. Away! ask no questions; swift as my word.'

'I declare there is a fog,' said Venus.

'An evening mist in Heaven,' said Minerva.

'Where is Nox?' said Jove. 'Every thing goes wrong. Who ever heard of a mist in Heaven?'

'My candle is out,' said Apollo.

'And mine too,' said Mars.

'And mine—and mine—and mine,' said Mercury, and Ganymede, and the Muses, and the Graces.

'All the candles are out,' said Cupid; 'a regular fog. I cannot see the pavilion; it must be hereabouts, though,' said the god to himself. 'So, so; I should be at home in my own pavilion, and am tolerably accustomed to stealing about in the dark. There is a step; and here, surely here is the lock. The door opens, but the cloud enters before me. Juno, Juno,' whispered the god of Love, 'we are all here. Be contented to escape, like many other innocent dames, with your reputation only under a cloud; it will soon disperse; and lo! the heaven is clearing.'

'It must have been the heat of our flambeaux,' said Venus; 'for see, the mist is vanished; here is the pavilion.'

Ganymede ran forward, and dashed open the door; Ixion was alone.

'Seize him!' said Jove.

'Juno is not here,' said Mercury, with an air of blended congratulation and disappointment.

'Never mind,' said Jove, 'seize him! He kept me waiting for dinner.'

'Is this your hospitality, Ægiocbus?' exclaimed Ixion, in a tone of bullying innocence. 'I shall defend myself.'

'Seize him, seize him!' exclaimed Jupiter. 'What, do you all falter? Are you afraid of a mortal?'

'And a Thessalian?' added Ganymede.

No one advanced.

'Send for Hercules,' said Jove.

'I will fetch him in an instant,' said Ganymede.

'I protest,' said the King of Thessaly, 'against this violation of the most sacred rights.'

'The marriage-tie?' said Mercury.

'The dinner-hour?' said Jove.

'It is no use talking sentiment to Ixion,' said Venus; 'all mortals are callous.'

'Adventurers are to be adventurous,' said Minerva.

'Here is Hercules! here is Hercules!'

'Seize him!' said Jove; 'seize that man!'

In vain the mortal struggled with the irresistible demi-god.

'Shall I fetch your thunderbolt, Jove?' inquired Ganymede.

'Any thing short of eternal punishment is unworthy of a god,' answered Jupiter, with great dignity. 'Apollo, bring me a wheel of your chariot.'

'What shall I do to-morrow morning?' inquired the god of light.

'Order an eclipse,' replied Jove. 'Bind the insolent

wretch to the wheel, hurl him to Hades; its motion shall be perpetual.'

'What am I to bind him with?' inquired Hercules.

'The girdle of Venus,' replied the Thunderer.

'What is all this?' inquired Juno, advancing, pale and agitated.

'Come along, you shall see,' answered Jupiter. 'Follow me, follow me.'

They all followed the leader,—all the gods, all the genii; in the midst, the brawny husband of Hebe, bearing Ixion aloft, bound to the fatal wheel. They reached the terrace; they descended the sparkling steps of *lapis lazuli*. Hercules held his burthen on high, ready at a nod, to plunge the hapless, but presumptuous mortal, through space, into Hades. The heavenly group surrounded him, and peeped over the starry abyss. It was a fine moral; and demonstrated the usual infelicity that attends unequal connexions.

'Celestial despot!' said Ixion.

In a moment all sounds were hushed, as they listened to the last sounds of the unrivalled victim. Juno, in despair, leaned upon the respective arms of Venus and Minerva.

'Celestial despot!' said Ixion, 'I defy the immortal ingenuity of thy cruelty. My memory must be as eternal as thy torture: that will support me.'

THE COURTSHIP OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To begin at the beginning:—When the Marquis of Downshire, about fifty years ago, was about to proceed on his travels, he begged some letters of introduction, amongst others, from the Rev. Mr. Burd, Dean of Carlisle, who had been his early friend. This gentleman communicated to his lordship one letter, recommending him to the favorable notice of almost his only continental acquaintance, Monsieur Carpentier, of Paris, an individual who held the lucrative office of provider of post horses to the royal family of France. The unhappy result of this new association, was the elopement of Madame Carpentier, a very beautiful woman, in company with his lordship. The only step taken by the husband in this case, was to transmit his two children, a boy and a girl, to his frail wife, with a desire, signified or implied, that she would undertake the duty of bringing them up. The children, accordingly, lived for some years with their mother, under the general protection of Lord Downshire, until at length the lady died, and the young nobleman found himself burdened with a responsibility which he probably had not calculated upon, at the time of his quitting Paris. However, he placed the girl at a French convent, for her education; and soon after, by an exertion of patronage, had the boy sent out on a lucrative appointment: his name having previously been changed, on his naturalization, as a British subject, to Carpentier. It was a stipulation before the young man received his appointment, that £200 of his annual salary should fall regularly every year to his sister, of whose support Lord Downshire was thus cleared, though he continued to consider himself her guardian. Miss Carpentier in time returned to London, and was placed under the charge of a governess named Nicholson, who, however, could not prevent her forming an attachment to a youthful admirer, whose addresses were not agreeable to the Marquis. His Lordship having learned that a change of scene was necessary, wrote hastily to Mr. Burd, requesting him to seek for a cottage in his own neighborhood, among the Cumberland lakes, fit for the reception of two young ladies, who could spend two hundred a year. Mr. Burd having made the desired inquiries, wrote to inform his lordship that there was such a place near his own house, but that it would require a certain time to put it into repair. He heard no more of the matter, till a few days after, as he and Mrs. Burd were on the point of setting out for Gilsland Wells, on account of the ill health of the latter individual, they were surprised by the arrival of two young ladies at their door, in a post-chaise, being the persons alluded to by the Marquis. His lordship had found it convenient to send them off to the care of Mr. Burd, even at the hazard of the house not being ready for their reception. This was at the end of the month of August, or beginning of September, 1797. The dilemma occasioned by the unexpected arrival of the young ladies, was of a very distressing kind, and Mrs. Burd was afraid that it would, for one thing, put a stop to her intended expedition to Gilsland. Her husband, however, finally determined that their journey thither should still hold good, and that, to place his guests above inconvenience, they should join the party proceeding to the Spa.

Having duly arrived at Gilsland, which is situated near the borders of Scotland, they took up their residence at the inn, where, according to the customs of such places, they were placed, as the latest guests, at the bottom of the table. It chanced that a young Scotch gentleman had arrived the same afternoon, though only as a passing traveller, and he, being also placed at the bottom of the table, came into close contact with the party of Mr. Burd.

Enough of conversation took place during dinner, to let the latter individuals understand that the gentleman was a Scotchman, and this in itself was the cause of the acquaintance being protracted. Mrs. Burd was intimate with a Scotch military gentleman, a Major Riddell, whose regiment was then in Scotland; and as there had been a collision between the military and the people at Tranent, on account of the

militia act,* she was anxious to know if her friend had been among those present, or if he had received any hurt. After dinner, therefore, as they were rising from table, Mrs Burd requested her husband to ask the Scotch gentleman if he knew any thing of the late riots, and particularly if a Major Riddell had been concerned in suppressing them. On these questions being put, it was found that the stranger knew Major Riddell, and he was able to assure them, in very courteous terms, that his friend was quite well. From a desire to prolong the conversation on this point, the Burds invited their informant to take tea with them in their own room, although he had previously ordered his horse to be brought to the door in order to proceed on his journey. At tea, their common acquaintance with Major Riddell, furnished much pleasant conversation, and the parties became so agreeable to each other, that in a subsequent walk to the Wells, the stranger still accompanied Mr Burd's party. He had now ordered his horse back to the stable, and talked no more of continuing his journey. It may easily be imagined that a desire of discussing the Major was now the minor bond of union between the parties. Mr Scott—for so he gave his name—had been impressed, during the earlier part of the evening, with the elegant and fascinating appearance of Miss Carpenter, and it was on her account that he was lingering at Gilsland. Of this young lady, it will be observed, he could previously have known nothing; she was hardly known even to the respectable persons under whose protection she appeared to be living. She was simply a lovely woman, and a young poet was struck with her charms.

Next day Mr Scott was still found at the Wells—and the next—and in short, every day for a fortnight. He was as much in the company of Mr Burd and his family, as the equivocal foundation of their acquaintance would allow; and by affecting an intention of speedily visiting the lakes, he even contrived to obtain an invitation to the dean's country house in that part of England. In the course of this fortnight, the impression made upon his heart by the young French woman was gradually deepened; and it is not improbable, notwithstanding the girlish love affair in which Miss Carpenter had recently been engaged, the effect was in some degree reciprocal. He only tore himself away, in consequence of a call to attend certain imperative matters of business at Edinburgh.

It was not long ere he made his appearance at Mr Burd's house, where, though the dean had only contemplated a passing visit, as from a tourist, he contrived to enjoy another fortnight of Miss Carpenter's society. In order to give a plausible appearance to his intercourse with the young lady, he was perpetually talking to her in French, for the ostensible purpose of perfecting his enunciation of that language, under the instructions of one to whom it was vernacular. Though delighted with the lively conversation of the young Scotchman, Mr and Mrs Burd could not now help feeling uneasy about his proceedings, being apprehensive as to the construction Lord Downshire would put upon them, as well as upon their own conduct in admitting a person of whom they knew so little, to the acquaintance of his ward. Miss Nicholson's sentiments were, if possible, of a still more painful kind, as, indeed, her responsibility was more onerous and delicate. In this dilemma it was resolved by Mrs Burd to write to a friend in Edinburgh, in order to learn something of the character and station of their guest. The answer returned was to the effect, that Mr Scott was a respectable young man, rising at the Bar. It chanced at the same time, that one of Mr Scott's female friends, who did not, however, entertain this respectful notion of him, hearing of some love adventure in which he had been entangled at Gilsland, wrote to this very Mrs Burd, with whom she was acquainted, inquiring if she had heard of such a thing, and "what kind of a lady was it, who was going to take Watty Scott?" The poet soon after found means to conciliate Lord Downshire to his views in reference to Miss Carpenter, and the marriage took place at Carlisle, within four miles of the *locale* of the first acquaintance of the parties.

The match, made up under such extraordinary circumstances, was a happy one; a kind and gentle nature resided in the bosoms of both parties, and they lived accordingly in the utmost peace and amity. The bounteous but unostentatious beneficence of Lady Scott, will long be remembered in the rural circle where she presided; and though her foreign education gave a tinge of oddity to her manners, she formed an excellent mistress to the household of her illustrious husband, and an equally excellent mother to her children. One of the last acts of Sir Walter Scott, before the illness which carried her to the tomb, was to discharge an attached and valued servant, who had forgotten himself one day so far as to speak disrespectfully of his mistress. He lamented the necessity of parting with such a servant, and one who had been so long with him; but he could not overlook an insult to one whom he held so dear.

*The Tranent Riots took place August 23, 1797.

SOMNAMBULISM.—A female, about 19 years of age, living in a family in Springfield, Mass. is frequently known to rise from her bed during the night, while asleep, dress herself, and go about her daily employments. In several instances, she has got up and set the table for breakfast, with as much regularity as she does when awake, selecting the right ar-

ticles, and placing them upon the table exactly as they should be. In one instance, she went into the buttery, which was perfectly dark, skimmed the cream from the milk, and poured it into one bowl, and the milk into another, without spilling any at all. She frequently goes to the drawers where her clothes are kept, changes the position of the articles, or takes them out, and in some cases has placed them where she could not find them when awake. In one instance, she took out her needle-book, and it has not been found since; but at a subsequent paroxysm, she was found sewing in the dark, a ring about a curtain, with a needle and thread, which it was supposed, from several circumstances, she could have obtained from no other source but the lost needle-book. This fact, together with other facts in the case, seems to show some connection between the several paroxysms in regard to the trains of thought; and also an analogy between this and some cases of insanity where lucid intervals intervene. In all these instances she moves about the house with as much ease and self-possession as if every thing was going on as usual, avoiding persons and objects which are in her way, although her eyes are often shut.

When in one of these paroxysms, she usually talks a great deal, and with much more fluency and vivacity than in her waking hours, and occasionally upon religious subjects: so that the case may in this respect be somewhat analogous to the sleeping preacher at Saybrook. One striking feature of this case is, that she is governed in her language and actions by her dreaming thoughts or imaginations, and all her impressions from external objects are made to accord perfectly with these imaginations. For instance, she frequently supposes herself in some other place, usually her native place, and calls the persons around her by the names of persons who live in that place, and speaks with much interest of scenes and objects which she has seen there. If inquired of about persons and things in Springfield, particularly of the family in which she lives, she knows nothing about them. Nothing which can be said or done to her, seems to have the slightest influence in changing the current of her thoughts. All attempts to awaken her generally prove unsuccessful. At one time, cold water was thrown upon her, but it had no effect except to produce the exclamation, "why do you want to drown me?" and immediately she went to her chamber, changed her clothes, and came down again to her work. On one occasion, an emetic was given her, (which she took, as she said, because the physician, whom she called her father, wished it,) but though it relieved her headache, it did not awaken her. If left to herself, she after a while voluntarily goes to bed, and composes herself to sleep; but remembers nothing in the morning, which has transpired.

When in the paroxysms, she usually suffers much pain in one side of her head, her face is flushed, and her breathing so laborious and loud, as to be heard in a distant room. She sometimes complains of the pain in her head; and in one instance wished to have it opened to ascertain the cause. Her appearance generally indicates perfect health; but her general health is not good, and she is the most subject to these paroxysms when she is more unwell than usual. She has been subject to them, more or less, for several years.—*Springfield Republican*.

[Mr Elliott, in his "Travels in Norway," relates the following curious incident, which occurred at a farm-house on the road to Bergen.]

"The three girls to whom we were indebted for a lodging, had been there but a fortnight. They were sent by their parents with a herd of cows, to pass two months in the mountains. The entire desolation of the spot precluded fear. We were the first, and should probably be the last of human kind, whom they would see there. Their manners were peculiarly interesting. There was nothing of levity, nothing of affectation. What provision they had, they gave, refusing all payment: nor did they receive without evident pain, the trifling acknowledgment we compelled them to accept. I have since doubted whether they had ever before seen money; and Mr Janson, a Norwegian gentleman residing in this town, who has been greatly interested in our tour of discovery, inclines to the opinion that they never had. Their dress was a short, striped jacket with sleeves; a loose garment from the waist, with tucks all round, reaching down to the knees, and dark drawers with socks and shoes. Their beautiful auburn hair, whose color consorted with the bright healthful hue of their complexions, was neatly tied into cues, which hung down to the waist. Their modesty and simplicity were equally striking. You will not believe we left them without a keepsake, however trifling in value. But we were greatly perplexed. Our bag contained little but an English bible, that they could not read, and a pair of shoes worn out both above and below. We were really poor and destitute. In this dilemma, my broken umbrella was quite a prize. They gazed with wonder at this Eastern emblem of royalty. Its bamboo stick, its tattered silk, its ivory handle, and whalebone radii, were so many sources of admiration. Could we fail to leave with our simple friends, so appropriate a souvenir of their three adventurous guests?"

The greatest ambition entirely conceals itself, when it finds that what it aspired to is unattainable.

GEORGE III AND MR BENTHAM.—The first writings Bentham committed to the press, were letters in a newspaper, on the affairs of Europe, somewhere about the close of the American war, which had the singular distinction of being answered by George III. The King published his letter in a *Hague Journal*; it was replied to by Mr Bentham, and most unmercifully dissected; probably in that manner in which we know he afterwards so much excelled—the application of the rack of analysis. The King learned who the writer was, and never forgot him. Mr Bentham's bill for the establishment of a Panopticon Prison for the reform of criminals, had passed the two Houses of Parliament, and the King had the pen in his hand to sign it, when he asked Lord Shelburne who it was that was undertaking this scheme. The answer was, "Mr Bentham, of Lincoln's Inn." "Bentham!" said the King, and put down the pen. The bill never received the royal assent; the scheme was obliged to be given up, and Mr Bentham was left with a large pecuniary loss—a thing he cared little for in comparison to the defeat of his benevolent project. This story Mr Bentham had from the lips of Lord Shelburne himself.

Among the Organic Remains found in the Malt Pits of Lucas Benner, Esq. in Craven county, North Carolina, are the following:

"Several pits have been dug, some of them to the depth of twenty-five feet below the surface of the earth, and ten feet below the present surface of the river. In the course of these excavations, a great variety of interesting organic remains has been found, consisting of sea-shells, bones and teeth of fishes, and the bones of land animals of prodigious size. Mr B. mentions that the following is the order in which these remains have been found:—1st, Sharks' teeth, and the fragments of bones of marine fishes mingled with sea-shells. 2d, teeth, horns, hoofs, ribs, vertebrae, &c. of quadrupeds that inhabited the land, mingled with the sea shells of great variety. These remains of land animals are found at the depth of from twenty to twenty-five feet below the surface of the earth. Among them are recognised with certainty the teeth of the great mastodon (*Mastodon giganteum* of Cuvier,) the hoofs, horns, and vertebrae of an elk, of great size, and the teeth of an animal supposed to be the hyena.

That was certainly a strange world in which such animals as these browsed and prowled! and, it might seem, scarcely compatible with the co-existence of man in his rude state, armed only with the bow and the club."

TRANSPARENCY OF THE SEA.—There is nothing, perhaps, that strikes a northern traveller more than the singular transparency of waters; and, the further he penetrates into the Arctic regions, the more forcibly is his attention riveted to this fact. At a depth of twenty fathoms, or one hundred and twenty feet, the whole surface of the ground is exposed to view. Beds composed entirely of shells and lightly sprinkled with them, and submarine forests, present, though the clear medium, new wonders to the unaccustomed eye. It is stated by Sir Capel de Brooke, and fully confirmed by my observation in Norway, that sometimes on the shores of Norland, the sea is transparent to a depth of four or five hundred feet; and that, when a boat passes over sub-aqueous mountains, whose summits raise above that line, but whose bases are fixed in an unfathomable abyss, the visible illusion is so perfect, that one, who has gradually, in tranquil progress, passed over the surface, and ascended wonderingly the rugged steep, shrinks back with horror as he crosses the vortex, under an impression that he has fallen headlong down the precipice. The transparency of tropical waters generally, as far as my experience goes, is not comparable to that of the seas in these northern latitudes; though an exception be made in favor of the China sea, and a few isolated spots on the Atlantic. Every one who has passed over the bank known to sailors as the *Saye de Malha*, ten degrees north of the Mauritius, must remember with pleasure, the works of shell and coral which the translucent waters expose to view, at the depth of thirty to five and thirty fathoms.—*Elliott's Travels to the North of Europe*.

There is one especial proof of the immortality of the soul, founded on adaptation, and therefore, so identical in principle with the subject and main argument of our essay, that we feel its statement to be our best and most appropriate termination of this especial inquiry. The argument is this:—For every desire of every faculty, whether in man or in the inferior animals, there seems a counterpart object in external nature. Let it be either an appetite or a power; and let it reside either in the sentiment, or in the intellectual, or in the moral economy—still there exists a something without that is altogether suited to it, and which seems expressly provided for its gratification. There is light for the eye; there is air for the lungs; there is food for the ever-recurring appetite of hunger; there is water for the appetite of thirst; there is society for the love, whether of fame or of fellowship; there is a boundless field in all the objects of all the sciences for the exercise of curiosity—in a word, there seems not one affection in the living creature which is not met by a counterpart and a congenial object in the surrounding creation.—*Chalmers*.

Editor's Correspondence.

THE WAGER.

The early part of last summer, I passed, in company with my two friends, Frank —, and Thomas —, in a tour through some of the principal cities of the Union. We had been in Boston about a week: I was sitting with Thomas, in our parlor, anxiously expecting the music of the dinner bell, when Frank burst in, with "Tom, there's the prettiest girl in the ladies' drawing-room, that I ever saw: how shall I find out her name?"

"Why, look on the book, to be sure," answered Tom. "I hope she has not affected your brain, as well as your heart."

"Look on the book, now! and how, pray, am I to determine amongst an hundred names, which belongs to her?"

"Well, ask the landlord then:—I wish that dinner-bell would ring. Now that Frank," continued Tom, as our friend left the room, "has fallen in love with just every pretty face he has seen since he left home."

"Was you ever in love, Tom?" I asked.

"Me! no—ah—yes—I came deuced near it, yesterday."

"Indeed! so lately—I never suspected it; and who, pray, is the Dulcinea?"

"Was, Moses, was, not is," answered he, with an air of affected solemnity. "My Dulcinea, as you are pleased to term it, must be numbered with the things that were. 'Troja fuit.'"

"What!" said I, "gone so soon!—that is indeed unfortunate. But you have not told me who she was."

"Did n't you observe that I was quite particular in my attentions, yesterday?" asked he.

"No," I replied, "I did n't observe that you were particularly attentive to any thing except that piece of venison."

"That's the very thing, Moses; that haunch of venison. Now, I hope, nay, I believe, that I am a man of enlarged philanthropy—I do n't know as I hate any thing,—though I can't say I like the way that they cook fowls on board that steam-boat,—surely, I have no enmity towards the female sex; but I had rather have one slice of such venison as that, than to kiss the prettiest girl that Frank ever fell in love with. Now tell me candidly, Moses, are you not of the same opinion?"

Before I had time to answer this important question, Frank came in again. "Oh," said he, "I've found out all about her: Miss Merton—Julia Merton—from Philadelphia; a pretty name that—Julia. Moses, you was in love with a Julia once; do you recollect? Oh well, never mind:—a man can't be expected to remember all these things. But the best of it is, Miss Merton starts for home, to-morrow morning—just the time we are going."

"Just the time we are going, indeed now," said Tom. "Just the time we wanted to go, but you refused:—you was in love with another girl then, you know. Fie! is this your constancy?"

"Constancy, now; have I not been in love with her a whole week—what do you expect of a man? But, I remember you were both extremely anxious to go: 't was ungenerous in me to refuse—so, I am entirely at your disposal. I will give orders now, while I think of it, for them to wake us at six, to-morrow morning."

"But stop, Frank," said I, "do n't you know that in consequence of your obstinacy, we have made different arrangements; and that we are engaged at Miss Benwin's, to-morrow evening?"

"And do n't you know too," added Tom, "that we are to have turtle-soup to-morrow? but there's the dinner bell," and off he went, singing, "Hark the glad tidings—"

"The devil take your turtle-soup, and Miss Benwin too," muttered Frank, as we followed at a more moderate pace.

After dinner, leaving Frank to obtain an introduction to Miss Merton, we took a stroll up street. We had not proceeded far, before he joined us.

"What, given up the chase already?" said Tom; "rather cowardly."

"Oh it is all in vain," replied he: "she is a perfect stranger here; but I have not been idle, I assure you, I picked up her glove for her, and have stared at her constantly. She blushed when her eyes met mine. Now Moses, you know,

a girl does not blush for nothing: and I'll bet half a dozen bottles of Champagne, that before I have been in Philadelphia four days—three days—I'll say three days—I shall receive an invitation to her house; and make a most decided impression: and your candor shall be the judge."

"Done," said I: "done. Tom, you are a witness."

In a few days, we were in Philadelphia. We were walking down Chesnut-street, soon after our arrival, when Frank exclaimed, "There, I had nearly forgotten: there is the handsome Miss Merton." She was in truth, a beautiful creature,—and almost justified Frank's rhapsody, when he swore she was "a real, live angel." Light hair, cut short—blue eyes, and a lovely complexion: then, such a fairy foot, and what an ankle! Oh, I did n't blame Frank for falling in love with her. A blush of recognition, as she passed, acknowledged that she had not forgotten the handsome stranger who stared her out of countenance in Boston: while a slight and timid inclination of her head, scarcely perceptible, answered Frank's hesitating, yet graceful bow.

"There, there," exclaimed Frank, so loud, that I feared the lady might hear him: "I told you so! I wonder if they keep good Champagne here:—Tom, you know about these things; how is it?"

"Why middling, I believe, middling; but glorious Madeira."

"Well, Moses, you shall have your choice, Champagne or Madeira: and as I feel somewhat generous and a great deal thirsty, I'll let you off with four bottles, if you will pay them this evening."

"Do n't be so hasty," said I; "you may need my generosity yet."

"Oh never fear that:—but, as I live, there's Miss Merton, returning. I swear I'll speak to her; come what may."

He turned, and soon met her, and with a very graceful impudence, commenced:

"Although I did not have the honor of an introduction, at Boston—yet it is so long since I have seen a familiar face, that I have presumed upon a stranger's privilege, to address you." I fear I have overstepped it:—am I forgiven?"

"I should alike, do violence to my own inclination, and to the reputation which our good city of Brotherly Love has acquired for hospitality, were I to answer your frankness rudely," answered she, with a winning smile. "I turned back to call on my sister, who lives in this house. I should be happy to know the address of my new friend."

Frank handed her his card; and she entered the door.

The next morning, Frank received an invitation from Miss Merton, requesting his company on the following evening, at seven o'clock. I began to tremble for my Champagne.

"There, Moses," said he, triumphantly showing the card: "you have preached to me a thousand times about impudence: do n't you begin to see the advantage of it? It would have taken you six months, to have become as well acquainted with that lady as I am; and all gained by a little impudence."

"By a great deal of impudence, Frank, you should say."

"Ah, you are envious. Besides, you are thinking of your Champagne. I suppose you acknowledge beaten. I shall endeavor to return before you go to bed; and we will drink it to-night."

Frank was any thing rather than a fop. When he was in college, he would dress in a minute. That afternoon, he spent three quarters of an hour in tying his cravat. I feared he never would finish dressing. At last, he was complete: and off he went.

On his arrival at the lady's mansion, he found a large party assembled. As he entered, he was presented with a pair of white gloves. "Oh, ho," said he to himself, as he observed the splendor around him; "this looks like a birth-day festival. I should think the dear creature was about eighteen."

Miss Merton was elegantly attired. A costly veil was thrown over her face, and touched the floor. She seemed an object of unusual attention. A tall, handsome gentleman was beside her; who from his affectionate manner towards her, Frank concluded must be her brother. He was immediately introduced:—his name was not Merton; though

Frank could not quite understand what it was. Some one near, mentioned something about "rather late"—"nearly time"—"Clergyman delayed"—"strange he has not arrived."

"Clergyman!" said Frank: "you have not invited me to a prayer meeting; have you, Miss Merton?"

The lady blushed, but answered nothing:—the tall gentleman tried to smile; but made quite an awkward business of it. The rest of the company smiled without any difficulty. The truth now began to flash upon Frank. The early hour of the invitation—the white gloves—the splendid veil—and above all, the Clergyman—oh! there could be no doubt upon the subject:—strange he did not perceive it before. He was invited to a wedding! and Miss Merton was the bride!—and the tall, affectionate numskull by her side, was her husband; or would be in a few minutes.—Thoughts of the jokes of his friends, should they discover his sad mistake, came heavily upon him. They were, however, soon interrupted by the arrival of the Clergyman; who confirmed his fears. After the usual preamble, the reverend gentleman pronounced, "Ezekiel Stubbins and Julia Stubbins, man and wife."

The wedding passed off, much as all weddings do—there was the usual quantity of kissing: the usual quantity of laughing: and the usual quantity of crying.

Frank stepped up to the great, two-fisted, awkward "Zekiel;" (so he termed him,) and wishing him joy, with a face which seemed to say, 'go to the devil,' mingled with the departing throng.

Having no engagement, I had passed the evening in my room. Thomas came in, at about eight o'clock. He sat down, and burst into a loud laugh.

"What's the matter Tom," said I: "come, that is unfair now, laughing all to yourself."

"You have the greatest reason for laughing, Moses," said he. "Miss Merton is to be married this evening, and Frank is invited to her wedding."

"Wedding!" said I; "are you not joking? What will poor Frank do?"

"Do?—why, fall in love with the brides-maids, perhaps.—He will never come home without a sweetheart; depend upon that. By the way, do n't you think Philadelphia superior to New-York, for oysters?"

In about an hour, Frank came in. He gave the bell-rope a most unamiable pull; and seated himself beside us.

"Well, what success," said I.—"I have lost my Champagne, of course. You have made your decided impression?"

"Decided humbug," replied Frank. "Oh, I see by your looks, Tom, that you know all about it. You never could keep any thing in. Well, after all, Tom, girls are very deceiving. Waiter, bring me six bottles of Champagne:—very deceiving indeed:—you never can tell when to trust them. However, it is not so bad as you may think:—for Miss Merton has a sister, a dozen times handsomer than herself. I'll call to see her, to-morrow."

AN OLD BACHELOR.

Translated by H****d, from the Original French, for the Literary Journal.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

FROM "PALMYRE, OR THE EDUCATION OF EXPERIENCE."

BY MADAME DE RENNEVILLE.

Mr and Mrs Egestain, of Bourg, had been for a long time involved in a law-suit, the event of which was to decide their fortune. They had already made great sacrifices, in order to obtain their rights, when Mr Egestain became convinced that his presence would be necessary in Paris, where the trial was to take place. He had been under the necessity of borrowing money for his journey, which, if the cause should be lost, must materially increase the burden of his debts. He also feared that the delays so often attendant upon legal proceedings, might render it necessary for him to incur expences beyond his means of payment.

After her husband's departure, Mrs Egestain, who was perfectly aware of their impending misfortunes, left the city, and took up her abode in a country-house in the vicinity.—She was accompanied in her retreat, by a daughter, Rosine, who had then just attained her sixteenth year, and was as lovely as she was beautiful, was the object of her mother's

devoted affection, which she fully returned. They retained but one domestic; the former nurse of Rosine, whose attachment to the young lady, had caused her to remain in the family.

Mrs Egestain finding it necessary to practice the most rigid economy, abandoned the society of her friends. Her feelings longed for solitude. In her state of continual anxiety and suspense, she could not engage in those pursuits which had ceased to hold any power over her mind.

Among a few of her associates whose tried friendship induced them to visit her in this retreat, was M. d' Ampilly, formerly a Professor of belles-lettres in one of the first colleges in the capital, from which, he had retired about two years before, and had taken possession of an estate which belonged to him, in Bourg. In addition to the salary which he still received, he enjoyed an annual income of six thousand francs. In his happy independence, he had never trembled at the nod of power, or solicited the gifts of fortune. Undazzled by the tinsel of rank, he bowed only at the shrine of virtue, and honored only the noble qualities of the soul. Restricting himself to a course of rigid prudence, he still had no greater enjoyment than that of relieving the sorrows of the unfortunate. Although he had determined never to encroach upon the capital of his income, the effects of his benevolence were only limited by the extent of his means. In her trying situation, Mrs Egestain frequently received evidences of the kindness of his heart: and he, who during her days of prosperity, had ever been an interesting and pleasant companion, now proved in the hour of her misfortune, an affectionate, true and faithful friend.

He became more deeply interested in Mrs Egestain and her daughter, on account of their adverse circumstances: visited them daily, and rendered them every service in his power. With his increasing intimacy, he became fully acquainted with the excellent qualities of Rosine: He was frequently surprized with the discovery of some new and rare virtue, beneath the veil of gentle and retiring modesty; her union of courage and resignation; her tender affection; the mingled strength and sweetness of her soul; the artlessness of youth with the refinement of a well cultivated mind. All whom she casually met, were impressed in her favor; but she was beloved by her friends. Her manners, though simple, were elegant and graceful; and dignified, without affectation. She seldom spoke, but always to the purpose; and possessed that fine *tact*, which prescribes exactly what we owe to others, and what others owe to us. Her attentions and politeness were properly bestowed; without confounding rank with qualities, or titles with persons. Indeed, Rosine appeared to more advantage in her state of misfortune, than she had ever done before. She seemed to be formed for an exhibition of the domestic virtues. Without effort, she made their little retreat a pattern of order, neatness and economy. While viewing her tasteful appearance and the elegance of her mother's saloon, no one unacquainted with their circumstances, could have suspected the deprivations to which these two accomplished females were compelled to submit, at every hour in the day.

Mr Egestain had been several months in Paris; his cause was on the eve of being decided; and intelligence respecting it, was hourly anticipated. With the arrival of every mail, the hopes and expectations of his wife were alternately excited and disappointed; until the suspense had become almost insupportable. At length, a stranger suddenly appears, and desires to speak with her. He is introduced, and presents a letter. She breaks the seal, but does not recognize the hand; and stands irresolute. She is assailed by a thousand distracting thoughts. "Madam," said the messenger, "it is M. d'Ampilly who has sent me;—what answer shall I carry to him?" At the sound of her friend's name, she regains her composure: her fears are dissipated: she reads the following words.

"If the hand of a friend could lighten the blow which you must soon receive!—you will, ere long, hear the dreadful intelligence. Madam, you must arm yourself with courage.—It is noble to triumph over fate: and believe me, such a victory may be yours. Use all your means—you will find infinite resources in your own soul—happiness which you know not—your own treasures. This is the moment for using them. In one hour, you will know all. I could now

inform you; but I have not strength to do it. May God bless you, my friend. Be not overpowered; and forget not that your daughter needs all your exertions."

"Our cause is lost!" exclaimed she, rising in extreme agitation. "Send immediately to the post-office," said she to the nurse: "I am dying with this suspense." Then turning to the messenger, "Tell my friend who sent you, that it is impossible for me to write"—

The young man who had been sent to the post-office, hastened with all speed; but he had no power to despatch his errand according to the wishes of Mrs Egestain. She watched the hands of the clock, and could scarcely convince herself that they had not stopped; for she could not reconcile the slowness of their motion with the vehemence of her own sensations.

She had walked an hundred times around the apartment; turned over volume after volume, without recognizing a word of their contents; looked from the windows; and repeatedly rang the bell, and inquired if the young man had not yet returned. At length, he arrived, breathless, exhausted, and covered with dust. He presents a letter, which she eagerly seizes, but dares not open it. Sudden terror overpowers her senses. What is she about to learn?—her ruin. Another moment will decide her fortune. She grasps the fatal paper with eagerness—she fears to look at it—her heart beats with renewed violence. But she must exert her energies—she feels it—and prepares to break the seal. The writing meets her eye—it is not her husband's. She trembles. Why has he not written? A word from him would have assuaged the bitterness of this intelligence. She summons all her strength, and reads. The letter was from her husband's lawyer.

"Madam: the duty which I have now to discharge, is indeed a painful one. Why has it been appointed for me to pierce your heart! Your cause is lost. But, however painful may be this intelligence, it is trifling in comparison with the further announcement which I now must make to you."

The paper fell from her hand. She exclaimed in a tone of agony, "he is dead;" and fell senseless. Her words were too true. Her husband had been so much affected by the event of the suit, that he was seized by a violent fit, and expired in a few moments after the decision had been announced.

The poor Rosine called her nurse. They placed her mother upon a couch; and vainly applied all the means in their power, in order to restore her suspended animation.—For two hours, she lay as if void of life. The nurse was hastening to and fro, bewildered with alarm; while Rosine sat, holding the cold hands of her mother, in silent despair. At length, the wretched widow opened her eyes, and gazed with apparent astonishment at her daughter's tears. "Have I then, been so very ill?" she anxiously inquired. Rosine embraced her; but made no reply. She had sufficient presence of mind to conceal the letter. "My daughter, where is that paper?" Rosine pretended to be ignorant of her meaning. "Give it to me; it is in vain that you endeavor to conceal it—it is there"—pointing to her heart. She then uttered a number of disconnected and unmeaning sentences: her eyes assumed a fixed, wild stare; and the poor girl saw, with a pang of unutterable agony, that her mother was a maniac.

Who can describe the misery, the despair, of that dreadful moment? In the dawn of her life, with how many forms of misfortune was Rosine at once assailed: she, who, until a recent hour, had lived in ease; with parents, whose happiness was centred in her:—now bathed in tears, destitute, friendless, and without the means of life. The misery of a beloved mother, whose sufferings she cannot relieve, is continually before her. On this subject, the presence and counsel of M. d' Ampilly, were of the greatest value. By his prudent advice, the sad condition of her mother was concealed from the public: and by interesting the feelings of the nurse in this design, he saved Rosine from many trials of fortitude to which she must otherwise have been subjected. But still the young lady, secluded from society, ignorant of the events which were passing around her, and continually in the presence of her mother, became a prey to deep and absorbing melancholy. Her nights were sleepless, and were

spent in tears: but in the morning, her courage was resumed with her daily avocations. Her tenderness to her mother, delicate and beautiful as it was, appeared less an object of admiration than her devotion to the active duties which devolved upon her. But Heaven looked on her in benevolence. The filial love which warms the heart of a young and gentle girl, assimilates her nature to that of the angels. The blessings of the Almighty were bestowed upon the kind and faithful daughter. Strength was given her from on high: for—so far from sinking under her fatiguing trials, she bore them without repining, and was enabled to devote some of her hours to a variety of needle work, which was procured for her, by the nurse.

It appeared as if her Maker intended to prove the strength of her virtue, by every variety of affliction. Her mother, the sweetness of whose disposition had been the theme of universal praise: whose affability and amiable deportment were almost proverbial; had since her mental derangement, become wilful, capricious, violent and irritable. She retained no memory of any individual: even her daughter was unknown to her. All who approached her, were treated as enemies—they were murderers—they had killed her husband, in order to take possession of his fortune. Rosine and the nurse were daily subjected to her assaults and imprecations. The food which they brought her, was seized with violence, or thrown at them with contempt and scorn. Her endless and ridiculous whims left them not a moment of repose. Her only gratification appeared to consist in a malicious invention of every thing which could perplex or annoy them. To all these manifold trials, Rosine had nothing to oppose, but the virtue of submissive patience. She paid every attention to the kind nurse, in return for the fortitude with which the good woman bore her mother's caprices.—And she, feeling the sufferings of her young mistress more keenly than her own, found in her affection for the noble-hearted girl, a source of mental strength of which she had been until then, unconscious; and would have regretted any change of situation which must have separated her from Rosine.

At length, however, the deplorable condition of Mrs Egestain could be no longer concealed. By expressions which fell from immediate neighbors, from the nurse and from M. d' Ampilly, the misfortunes, the ruin, and the madness of that lady, became publicly known. The excellent qualities of Rosine were soon a theme of general remark. Some who were incredulous, visited her from motives of curiosity: but all departed with praises of the daughter, who had exhibited so rare and affecting an example of filial duty.

Young and beautiful, gentle and faithful.—Such was the portrait of Rosine. Every one who spoke of her, added some new grace, according to his own feelings, or the conception which he had formed from the narrative of her life. Her name was never mentioned, but with enthusiasm. Without fortune, she was sought in marriage, by several young men of the best families in the vicinity. But, although sensible of these evidences of regard, she met each one with a firm refusal: and when questioned by D'Ampilly, respecting the cause, she only answered, "They might, perhaps, despise my mother!"

This true friend loved her as if she had been his own daughter. Anxious to relieve her sorrows, and knowing her strength of mind, he offered her his hand, promising to receive her mother, with all the regard and attention of a son. This proposal, Rosine heard and accepted with joy. It was not until then, that she learned from her nurse, how much this generous and noble being had done in her behalf.

For four years, D'Ampilly fulfilled towards Mrs Egestain, every duty of a devoted and affectionate son. At the expiration of that time, she died. A few hours before the dreadful moment, her reason was restored, clear and unclouded; and she bestowed upon her friend and her daughter, the blessing of a mother and a Christian. To her husband, Rosine repaid the debt of gratitude, by a life of devoted affection: and he, by his generosity, with means comparatively limited, obtained an invaluable treasure. In uniting his destiny with that of this virtuous and lovely girl, he had secured a source of happiness, which all the riches of the earth could never have afforded.

For the Literary Journal.

THE LIVING-DEAD.

A VISION.

"Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest ALL I cannot die;
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man,
Which God inspired, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod: then, in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows,
But I shall die a living death?"

"PARADISE LOST," Book X.

I dreamed that Death had froze,
This young and glowing frame;
But he whose grasp the pulse could chill,
Had failed the hidden sense to still,
Or loose the prisoned flame:
Had fled away
From his half-slain prey,
And left the glorious soul bound to the mouldering clay.

I heard a requiem sung—
A prayer to Heaven said—
A sigh breathed forth—perchance, a tear
Moistened the pall above my bier—
But soon they left the dead;
And soon forgot;
For there came not
One friendly footstep back, to cheer the lonely spot!

The years which once seemed fleet,
How slowly they passed by!
The wintry storm did hoarsely rave,
Long, long, ere round my gloomy grave,
The summer breeze did sigh:
But the doleful knell
Would often tell
That another shade had fled, in unknown realms to dwell!

Oh! thrice, thrice happy soul!
It was not, like mine, doomed
To pass ten thousand years away—
Undying spirit chained to clay—
Immortal thought entombed!
Can hell bestow
A fiercer woe
Than this, through countless time, to die and still to know?

Now, centuries had past;
The doleful knell was o'er;
The sons forgot where their fathers lay,
For I heard the plough-share, grate its way,
Where the grave-stone stood before;
And the reapers tread
Above my head;
And sing their merry songs, among the silent dead.

And then, a forest sprung,
From the ground where we reclined.
The lofty boughs spread high in heaven—
I heard them groan by the tempest driven—
The roots our dust entwined.
But a fire, at last,
O'er the forest passed;
And each firm root decayed beneath the withering blast.

And then,—deep, still, alone,
In a barren waste, I lay.
Hushed was the note of the cheerful bird;
And nought of human sound I heard.
All, all, had passed away—
And the years stole by
So silently,
That I thought that Nature slept in mortal lethargy.

Hark! thunder wakes the world!
It rives the trembling sod!
The burning Universe doth tell,
This is the voice of the Archangel:
This is the trump of God!
Aye, He hath spoke—
The trance is broke—
The Living-Dead doth rise! Shivering with fear, I woke.

THETA.

For the Literary Journal.

MR. EDITOR,—The accompanying lines were written some years since, as a reply to the poem (in a late number of the Journal,) "My Mind to me a Kingdom is:" and as I had seen the latter ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh, the reply was so expressed. Should it be of any value, it is at your service.

"Look: what I lack, my Mind supplies."

RALEIGH'S SONG IN PRISON.

REPLY.

"Look: what I lack, my Mind supplies"—
Fair words from out the immortal mind,
Born of itself, heroic rise,
Though atween prison-walls confined,
Brave Raleigh; by thy Queen forgot,
Thy mind defied thy ungrateful lot.

But not to meaner mortals, Mind
Can life's fantastic wants supply—
They dream, that love, and friendships kind,
(Vain fancies!) in men's bosoms lie:
And so they dig, and beg, and crave;
And buy, to their fond hopes—a grave!

My mind, in heavy chains doth lay,
Earth-bound: 't is an ignoble thing!
And when it tries to soar away,
Hope foldeth fast her silken wing;
And wayward Fancy saith not this—
"My mind to me a kingdom is."

No wealth I have, save what of old,
In fabled days, was counted store:
(My palm holds not provoking gold:)
I wear a constant heart:—no more.
To grieve for this, I, much inclined,
Shall never have a mighty mind.

My eyes have not a single ray
(I would they had,) that diamonds show:
For then kind looks would steal my way,
And joys within my bosom glow.
To think, dear Beauty, thou'rt the thing
That bindeth oft Love's fickle wing.

I laugh not, when the freezing blast,
From out cold hearts, comes sweeping by—
And when the careless footstep's past,
I cannot sing sweet lullaby
To love, that faded out, as soon
As the fair flowers in glowing June.

Fond eyes, that once upon me hung,
Now follow Wealth, and Beauty's train—
And, woos the honey-flattering tongue
'Mid pleasure's fond, voluptuous strain
Till dies amidst, true feeling's tone,
And the best joys the mind hath known.

My kindred in the narrow grave,
All silent rest; laid early low!
And when life's sullen tempests rave,
I think me of the various woe
That followed in their earthly lot:
And my lone spirit vaunteth not.

Science, bright daughter of the throng
That upward gaze; I cannot turn
To thee my aspirations long:
My flowers still wither on thy urn—
And longer, thou celestial bride,
I may not claim my heavenward guide.

So now, look at my listless mind—
It boasteth not; but faints away,
Like shepherd's reed at eve, reclined
By mossy brook, the dying lay
Fades, fades, upon the listening ear;
And the soft winds lie still to hear!

Well might brave Raleigh's gallant mind
Within, its proudest homage own—
But ah, for us of humbler kind,
Fate steals our sceptre, breaks our throne,
And writes, deriding, on our crown,
"Sceptres and" thrones, "must tumble down."

The world goes by Expedience now—
Truth, Genius, Beauty, Virtue, Fame—
Truth keepeth not her vestal vow—
And Genius hangs his head in shame—
All phantoms these once royal things—
Wealth and Expedience, now are kings!

Oh ye, who from life's blessings hurled,
Walk mourners, in this vale of tears;
Your "kingdom" comes not of this world—
But lodged in bright, eternal spheres,
Your crown of heavenly glory lies:
Your "kingdom" is beyond the skies! A. E.

For the Literary Journal.

TO A FRAGMENT OF MOSS.

TAKEN FROM THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

Unchanged thou art, frail little miniature
Of some thick forest! On that eminence
Whereon thy bed was made, though twice twelve moons
Have shone, since thou wert cradled there; yet still,
Thou art unchanged!

What is thy nature?—From what hidden source
Was drawn the sustenance that nourished thee?
On that cold cliff, where many feet had trod,
And yet, thy destiny had kindly saved thee
From every withering crush,—erect
And stately, 'mid the wrecks contiguous—
'T was strange that any eye should notice thee,
While lured to scenes expansive as sublime:
But, oh, methought some relic to preserve—
Some local treasure to be borne away—
And what more classic than thy name and nature;
Thou Antiquarian in attachment!

Poets have sung the charms of cottages
Moss-clad: and Nature's cunning hand can weave
Thy brittle texture into various robes;
And make thee sit, with equal grace, alike,
Upon the cliff, the ruin and the rose.
Thy curtains, too, on old, majestic trees,*
Are hung, contrasting their pale drapery
With evergreens luxuriant in foliage—
And now, upon this little Gothic vase,
Thou seem'st as much at home—as green—as fresh,
As when proud Catskill mantled thee with clouds.

*The long Moss is peculiar to the Live Oaks of the South.

For the Literary Journal.

COLUMBUS.

FROM A MS. POEM.

The Muse of History, still indignant, weeps
O'er the low grave where great Columbus sleeps;
The bold adventurer, whose soaring mind
Left the dark errors of his age behind.
Though royal avarice condemned his scheme
As the wild vision of a maniac's dream—
Though sneering Pride and Folly passed it by—
And Bigotry looked on with jaundiced eye—
Still, his great soul, unbent and unsubdued,
O'er the vast deep, its path of light pursued.

Around, behind, before, still spread in view,
The same wide, vast, interminable blue—
No cheering promise of the destined goal—
While e'en the magnet trembled from the pole—
Sun after sun passed o'er; and still the swell
Of the wide waste of waters rose and fell—
The storms of heaven came sweeping wild and dark;
And poured their fury o'er the shattered bark—
While 'round her path the angry billows swept,
Reckless of all, her steady course she kept:
Away, o'er Ocean's then unbounded realm—
Hope at the prow, and Valor at the helm.

What is the pride that conquest can impart:
What, the wild joy that fires the warrior's heart,
To that high rapture which thy bosom thrilled,
When thou, Columbus, found thy prayer fulfilled—
When thou didst kneel upon the long-sought shore,
And gave to man a world unknown before;
And won that meed, immortal in renown,
Thy deathless wreath that mocks the conqueror's crown! G.

THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1833.

SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS.

Every one who is familiar with the organization of the schools in most of the country towns in New-England, is perfectly aware of the difficulties under which both teachers and scholars labor, on account of the fact that the schools are generally open for but a small portion of the year, during which time they are consigned to the supervision of instructors engaged only for the season. This has prevented the adoption of any thing like a regular system either of discipline or instruction. The teachers are in most instances, individuals who assume the task not as a profession, but merely as a temporary avocation; and generally for the purpose of acquiring pecuniary means for meeting the expenses of their own education. Many, and probably most, of the schools thus taught, are as well conducted, as the circumstances will admit: but still, the fact is well known, that however competent the instructor may be in other respects, his ignorance of the details of school-keeping is an impediment to his usefulness, which if overcome at all, is generally felt during at least the greater part of the term for which he is engaged.

We have long thought this subject worthy of more attention than it has hitherto generally received; and are therefore, pleased to find that measures have been proposed by public spirited individuals in a neighboring town, with a view, in some degree, at least, to remedy the defect in the system of ordinary country schools, to which we have referred.—We have perused a Circular from the School Committee of Taunton, Massachusetts, by which it appears that they have instituted a *School for Teachers*, in that village; to commence immediately, under the direction of Rev. Samuel Presbury. With respect to the difficulties which so much impede the exertions of those who act as teachers only for limited periods, the Committee remark:

"This evil might be remedied partially, at least, if not wholly, if instructors thus situated, would, before re-commencing their business of instruction, spend a few weeks together, under the superintendence of some competent person, where they could receive aid and instruction, as well on the several branches of learning which they are about to teach, as in the best methods of instruction and discipline in the school. That such a measure would be productive of great good, cannot be doubted; and it is to be presumed, that an opportunity for such means of improvement will be eagerly embraced. An experiment is about to be tried, which it is hoped will prove successful, with a view to raise the standard of qualifications in our teachers in this vicinity; and thus give a new impulse to learning. An institution is to be opened, at which all those who propose to teach schools, may, at a trifling expense, acquire that skill and readiness in the high duties of their employment, which are essential to their success.

The gentleman who has consented to take the principal management of the Institution, is eminently qualified for the task. He has had much personal experience as an instructor, and has derived much information on the subject of instruction, from an extensive and familiar intercourse with the most eminent and successful teachers in our State; and from observation of their methods of instruction and government. The best effects, may therefore, be anticipated from his services; and it is to be hoped that many will be induced to profit by them."

With Mr Presbury, who is to superintend the proposed school, we have been long and well acquainted; and are therefore enabled to say with confidence, that he is in every respect qualified to discharge the duties which he has assumed. The members of the Taunton Committee deserve credit for their laudable undertaking, which we sincerely hope may meet with the patronage which it merits. They have set an example which may well be imitated in our own city: and we doubt not, that if a similar Institution should be here established, under judicious management, its beneficial effects would soon be felt throughout the State. Much good might be produced through its agency in the adoption of a regular system of school discipline; in the selection of proper books from the almost countless number which are now in use; and also, by an interchange of views upon the important subject of rudimentary education; and in the inducements which it would hold forth to teachers, for individual as well as for united exertion.

PUBLIC LECTURES FOR THE SEASON.—It is understood that no Public Lectures will be offered by the Providence Franklin Society during the coming winter: but those which are expected from other sources, promise to be of an unusually attractive nature.

We learn with pleasure, that a Scientific Course will be delivered before the Association of Mechanics and Manufacturers, by Dr. Griscom; whose well known qualifications cannot fail to render his services of the highest value.

It is also expected that Dr. H. M'Murtre of Philadelphia, will repeat in this city, his course of Zoology, which has been delivered in several of the principal cities of the Union. These Lectures have been mentioned in terms of very high commendation; and the apparatus by which they are illustrated, is described as being extremely accurate and beautiful.

While upon this general subject, we cannot but repeat the expression of surprise which has so often been made, that in a city like Providence, no more commodious place can be obtained for such purposes, than those which have hitherto been used. We have, it is true, a large number of spacious halls, which very well answer the purposes for which they were principally intended: but there is not one in the city, which is fitted for a concert, a lecture, or on exhibition-room for works of art. A building sufficiently commodious, and properly arranged for these and similar uses, might be erected at a comparatively small expense. The necessity of such an one is continually becoming more apparent; and we believe that an application of the requisite funds to such a purpose, would prove to be a very profitable investment.

THE PEARL AND LITERARY GAZETTE.—We most heartily reciprocate the good feelings which have been expressed in our behalf by our friend in Hartford; and are gratified that an opportunity has thus been afforded us to speak of the pleasure which we have derived from a perusal of his ably conducted publication.

It has been too often the case, that men of really fine abilities, while engaged in the management of our periodicals, have consented to do violence to their own good sense and feelings of propriety, for the attainment of temporary patronage. But we rejoice to see that so many of our literary papers are now in the hands of those, who are actuated by higher motives: of men who are unwilling to be swayed by the ignorant caprice of others; or to minister to a depraved and vitiated taste, for the purposes of immediate popularity and gain, instead of endeavoring to furnish that taste, with means for its purity and elevation.

The effects of this honorable course are already perceptible: and its ultimate results are certain. No one who appears actuated by such a spirit, shall ever want our word of support and encouragement. With respect to the Pearl, we need only say; that while its accomplished editor pursues the same honest and independent career which he has thus far maintained, no one can more sincerely rejoice in his success than ourselves. He has begun well—Let him persevere. His Pearls are jewels. May he never be compelled to 'cast' them away, against the Scriptural injunction: but may his patrons sufficiently understand their value, to enable him to string them upon golden wire.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Hengstenberg's *Christologie*: A View of the Prophecies relating to the Messiah.

Froissart and his Times: by the late Barry St. Leger.

Memoirs of the Ex-Queen of Holland.

A Volume from the Life of Herbert Barclay.

Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann.

History of the Rebellion in Scotland, in 1745-46: by R. Chambers.

Book of Oaths and Penalties: by S. Hopkins, L. L. D.

President Dwight's Decisions of Questions, discussed by the Seniors of Yale College in 1813-14.

Eusebius's Ecclesiastical History.

Thoughts on Marriage, abridged from the Works of Rev. William Jay.

Guide to the Thoughtful: by Robert Philip.

Progressive Experience of the Heart: by Mrs Stevens.

Berkley the Banker; (Part First:); by H. Martineau.

Paupers and Poor-Laws; (Part First—The Parish:); by do. Village Belles, A Tale.

Alice Pawlet; A Sequel to "Sydenham:" by the Author of "Sydenham."

Travels in America: by Geo. Fibleton; Ex-Barber to his Majesty the King of Great Britain, &c.

Villers on the Spirit and Influence of the Reformation.

Blakeley's Moral Science.

Elements of Science: by Professor Renwick.

Ostrander's "Planetarium."

Peter Simple; or the Adventures of a Midshipman.

Ellmer Castle; a Roman Catholic Story, of the Nineteenth Century.

Portable Evidence of Christianity; by Joseph John Gurney: with an Introductory Essay, by F. Wayland, D. D. President of Brown University.

WORKS ANNOUNCED AS IN THE PRESS.

Memoirs of Roger Williams: by Rev. James D. Knowles.

Life of President Staughton: by Rev. Mr Lynde.

Lowth's "Isaiah:" with the Variations of Dodson, Stock, and Noyes.

Herder's Lectures on Hebrew Poetry: (Translated by Professor Marsh and Torrey of the University of Vermont.)

The Complete Farmer and Rural Economist: by T. G. Fessenden.

Memoirs of Com. Bainbridge: by Thomas Harris, M. D. Mrs Sherwood's complete Works.

Tenneman's History of Philosophy.

Mac Gregor's British America.

De Foix; or Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the Fourteenth Century.

History of Madagascar.

Heeren's Historical Researches.

"Fanaticism:" by the Author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm."

Allison's French Revolution of 1789.

Randolph's Letters to a Young Relative.

The paragraph among the selections in our last number, headed "Beautiful Extract," was credited in the paper from which it was taken, to Bulwer; whose name was inadvertently retained by our compositor. If we mistake not, the passage should be attributed to the pen of George D. Prentice, Esq. late Editor of the New-England Weekly Review, and now of the Louisville Journal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. E., and the author of the effusion in blank verse, will accept our thanks for their contributions to this number. The favors of each will always be highly acceptable.

We are happy to hear again from THETA. The doubt, expressed in his accompanying note, we consider to be without foundation. The conception which forms the subject of his present sketch, is indeed, when abstractly considered, repellant to the feelings: but still, we consider the question respecting the propriety of its adoption, as dependent entirely upon the manner in which it is treated. If a subject of this kind is used merely to awaken a morbid excitement, or to produce effect, through the agency of ignorant and vulgar superstition; it is of course, objectionable. But when touched by the hand of genius, and applied to the legitimate uses of poetry, the objection fails. For it can produce no evil effect upon any mind which is capable of appreciating the beauty of the conceptions to which it may give birth: and there is but little probability that it will ever attract the attention of any other.

The "Domestic Scene," contains materials for a good article: but they are thrown too carelessly together. By a little exertion, the writer might have embodied its humor in a piece of finished composition. We hope that he will try again.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.—The Wager.—Filial Affection; (translation.)—School for Teachers—Public Lectures.—The Pearl.—New Books.—Poetry.—The Living-Dead.—Reply to Raleigh's Song in Prison.—Fragment of Moses.—Columbus.

SELECTIONS.—Lion in Heaven.—Courtship of Sir Walter Scott.—Somnambulism.—George III. and Mr Bentham.—Ascent of a Pyramid by a Lady.—Poetry—Autumn.—To a Singing Bird.—Early Days.

Miscellaneous Selections.

AUTUMN.

BY SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

Sweet Sabbath of the year!
While evening lights decay,
Thy parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the world away.

Amid thy silent bowers,
Tis sad but sweet to dwell,
Where falling leaves and drooping flowers,
Around me breathe farewell.

Along thy sunset skies,
Their glories melt in shade;
And like the things we fondly prize,
Seem lovelier as they fade.

A deep and crimson streak
The dying leaves disclose:
As on Consumption's waning cheek,
'Mid ruin blooms the rose.

The scene each vision brings,
Of beauty in decay;
Of fair and early-faded things,
Too exquisite to stay.

Of joys that come no more;
Of flowers whose bloom has fled;
Of farewells wept upon the shore—
Of friends, estranged or dead.

Of all that now may seem,
To Memory's tearful eye,
The vanished beauty of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh.

From Parley's Magazine.

TO A SINGING BIRD.

Blithe little prisoned warbler!
Thy silver tones outbreak,
Like rain-drops among summer leaves,
Or on a glassy lake.

How can such joyous carols,
Flow from thy trembling breast,
When thou art held in lonely gloom,
Far from thy native nest!

Thy home of bloom and verdure
Among Canary's isles,
Where Nature's lap is filled with flowers,
And Nature's face with smiles,—

Where o'er the glistening meadows,
The perfumed breezes run,
And waters hide in shaded founts,
Or sparkle in the sun;—

O! dost thou never sadden,
And droop thy head in pain,
At memory of that pleasant home,
Thou ne'er may'st see again.
The palm-tree bent above thee,
With blossoms on its bough,
The vine leaves clustered by thy side—
Where are the bright things now?

Thy wings that chased the sunbeam,
Have weak and nerveless grown;
And faded is the golden hue,
Which on thy plumage shone;
There is no light above thee,
To glad thy little eye;
And thou art even banished from
The sight of the blue sky.

And yet thou hast forgotten
Thy nature's grievous wrong,
And thy full heart triumphantly
Pours itself forth in song.
Though captive and forsaken,
Of all thy joys bereft,
The impulse which now prompts thy lay,
Is still unto thee left.

Oh sweet, enchanting minstrel!
I bless thee for the thought,
Which thy unstudied harmony
Unto my soul has brought:
If in thy hour of darkness,
Such grateful joy be thine,
How should the immortal hope within
Forbid me to repine.

From Friendship's Offering for 1834.

EARLY DAYS.

Oh! give me back my early days.
The fresh springs and the bright
That made the course of childhood's ways
A journey of delight.

Oh! give me back the violet blue,
The woodbine and the rose,

That o'er my early wanderings, threw
The fragrance of repose.

And give me back the glittering stream,
The fountain and the dew,
That neither day nor nightly dream,
Can ever more renew.

I would give all that tears have bought
Of wisdom, wealth, or love,
For one sweet hour of early thought,
This sordid world above—

One happy flight, away, away,
On wings of timeless power,
One golden morn, one glorious day,
In childhood's rosy bower—

One sail upon that summer sea,
Whose passing storms are all
Light winds that blow more merrily,
And dewy showers that fall.

But ah! that summer sea no more
Shall bear me gaily on;
My bark lies on the weary shore,
My fluttering sails are gone.

'Tis not that Hope her radiant bow
No longer bends on high,
But light has faded from her brow,
And splendor from her sky.

'Tis not that pleasure may not bring,
Fresh gladness in my breast,
But I am worn with wandering,
To find a home of rest.

ASCENT OF A PYRAMID;

BY A LADY.

[The Narrative, by Mrs Lushington, of her Journey from the East Indies to Europe, by way of the Red Sea, Egypt, and the Mediterranean, contains the following account of her successful attempt to ascend the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh:]

"On my arrival, I saw some persons nearly at the top, and some just commencing the ascent. They were all at the very edge, and, certainly, their apparently perilous situation justified me in the conviction that I never should be able to mount. However, determining to make the attempt, I commenced outside from where the entrance had been formed, and walked along the whole length of one side of the square, about forty feet from the ground, to the opposite corner; the ledge being narrow, and in one place quite broken off, requiring a long step to gain the next stone. As the pyramid itself formed a wall to the right hand, and consequently an apparent defence, I felt no want of courage till I reached the corner, where the ascent is in many places absolutely on the angle, leaving no protection on either side. About this time I began to be heartily frightened; and when I heard one gentleman from above calling me to desist, and another tell me not to think of proceeding, right glad was I to return, and to attribute my want of success to their advice, rather than to my own deficiency of spirit. Each of the gentlemen as they descended, told me the difficulty and fatigue were great, and they evidently were heated and tired; but at length, in answer to my question a hundred times repeated of, do you think I could go? they proposed to me to try, at least, and kindly offered to accompany me. Away I went, and by the assistance of a footstool in some places, and the aid of the guides and the gentlemen to encourage me, I succeeded in arriving half way, all the time exclaiming I should never get down again; and indeed, my head was so giddy, it was some minutes after I was seated, at the resting-stone half way, before I could recover myself. Being a little refreshed, I resumed the ascent, but the guides were so clamorous, that I turned back, finding their noise, and pushing and crowding, as dangerous as the height. The gentlemen at length brought them to some degree of order, partly by remonstrance, and partly by carrying the majority to the top, and leaving only two with me. This quiet, in some degree, restored my head, and the footing, as I advanced, becoming more easy, I reached the summit amidst the huzzas of the whole party. It was a considerable time, however, before I gained confidence to look around, notwithstanding I was on a surface thirty feet square.

"The prospect, though from so great an elevation, disappointed me. I saw, indeed, an immense extent of cultivated country, divided into fields of yellow flax, and green wheat, like so many squares in a chess board, with the Nile and the various canals which cause their luxuriance, and a vast tract of desert on the other side; I must, however, say, that this scenery I enjoyed on recollection, for I was too anxious how I was to get down, to think much of the picturesque. A railing even of straws, might give some slight idea of security, but here there was absolutely nothing, and I had to cross and re-cross the angle, as the broken edges rendered it necessary; for it is a mistake to suppose there are steps; the passage is performed over blocks of stone and granite, some broken off, others crumbling away, and others which, having dropped out altogether, have left angles in the masonry; but all these are very irregular. Occasionally the width and

height of the stones are equal, but generally the height greatly exceeds the width; in many parts, the blocks are four feet high. Once the stone was so high, that as I slipped off, I feared that my feet would shoot beyond the ledge on which they were next to rest, and which certainly was but a few inches wide. Another time I was in great peril; I had stretched one foot down with great exertion as far as it could reach, and as the other followed, the heel of the shoe caught in a crevice of the rock, and I had nearly lost my balance in the effort to extricate myself. In a few places, the width of the ledges enabled me to use the footstool, which considerably diminished the fatigue. After all this, it may be supposed I was glad when I had accomplished this undertaking; for, to tell the truth, the greatest pleasure I felt in ascending the pyramid, was to be enabled to say at some future time, that I had ascended the summit."

Another traveller in Egypt says that the Pyramids of Ghizeh, stand upon a bed of rock, 150 feet above the Desert, which contributes to their being seen at a great distance. The largest of the three, which, on the authority of Herodotus, is ascribed to Cheops—the same which Mrs Lushington ascended—is a square of 746 feet, and its perpendicular height is 460 feet, being 24 feet higher than St. Peter's, at Rome, and 117 higher than St. Paul's in London. The quantity of stone used in this pyramid is estimated at six millions of tons, and a hundred thousand men are said to have been employed twenty years, in raising this empty sepulchre.

An absurd opinion prevails among many people, that men of genius and learning are, *ex necessitate*, weak in body. Let us pick out a few at random, and see how the case stands. The admirable Crichton was one of the strongest fellows in Europe. Burns had the strength of two ordinary men, and would have proved an ugly customer to come to close quarters with. Cunningham and Galt are as big and as strong as Apak. Smollet was an athletic, wiry chap, who, we have reason to believe, would use his daddies with as much dexterity as his pen. As for Wilson, nothing but the unfortunate circumstance of his being a man of first rate genius prevented him from sporting the champion's belt, and rivaling the fame of the 'Game Chicken.' Hogg is a strong, well-built carle, whom we will back for a fall, against any man of his age and inches in the kingdom. The late formidable Andrew Thompson, the Scottish parson, was a powerful man, as well as a sturdy pillar of the church. Johnson was as strong as Hercules: Bruce of Kinnard, a second Anteus: Belzoni the traveller, a revivification of Samson. Two of the most athletic men in the kingdom are Sir Morgan O'Doherty and Edward Irving: of the latter, the only faults are those of a man of genius.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

On the return of an Indian from a journey, or long absence, he will on entering the house say: "I am returned!" to which his wife will answer, "I rejoice!" and having cast his eyes around, he will inquire whether the children are well. This being answered in the affirmative, he replies, "I am glad!" which for the present is all that passes between them; nor does he relate anything at this present time, that occurred on his journey, but holds himself in readiness to partake of the nourishment which his wife is preparing for him. After a while, when the men of the village have assembled, his wife with the rest, hears his story at full length.—*Indian Traits*.

When Andrew Dunlap, Mayor of the good old city of Dundee, died, his Executors resolved to appropriate to their own peculiar benefit, the provision contained in a Codicil which bequeathed to the framer of an epitaph which should be endorsed upon his tomb-stone, the good round sum of thirty pounds Scotch. The Executors wisely concluded that, to entitle them to an equal division of "the spoils," the epitaph should be the joint product of their united inspiration; and consequently, they (there were three of them) voted: That an epitaph, proper, should consist in a well-arranged triplet; and, therefore, under the peculiarities of the case, it was quite proper that each Executor should contribute a line, *ex tempore*. Under this equitable arrangement, they commenced their poetic operations. The first eked out his line thus:

"Andrew Dunlap, Mayor of Dundee;"

The second, under a solemn sense of the recent, afflicting dispensation of Providence which had deprived Dundee of a civil head, continued:

"Andrew Dunlap, died did he;"

And the third, in pious agony, capped the mournful climax, with:

"Hallelujah! hallelujah!"

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